

Painted by Raphael Kirchner

STRINGING THEM

Sunlight Grows the Hops but Ruins the Brew

You can't take pictures without light — neither can you grow hops without sunlight.

Yet —

Light ruins exposed negatives just as it ruins the wholesomeness of beer exposed to light.

Ultra violet rays of light acting on beer work a chemical change, ruining the wholesomeness, in fact, decomposing the protein (albumin), impairing the nutritive value. But not in Schlitz beer.

Schlitz Brown Bottle Keeps Out the Light

thereby protecting its purity. That's why it tastes so good. Its nutritive value is unimpaired. It is not enough to make pure beer, it must be kept pure.

Drink

Schlitz

Order a Case Today

*See that crown is
branded "Schlitz"*

118-Mag.

**in Brown
Bottles**

**The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous.**

"WHAT POOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

Ruck

NATHAN STRAUS, JR., PRESIDENT AND PUBLISHER

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Garden, W. C.

The Second Instalment of the Pictorial History of America

Elsewhere we announce the appearance
next week of the second instalment of the
Pictorial History of America, which deals
with the difficulties attending the perfection
of charts and nautical instruments of suffi-
cient accuracy to guide Columbus on his
epoch-making voyage.

This instalment will have two interesting
illustrations by Rodney Thompson.

If we are to accept the reception accorded
the first of these historical articles as an
indication, we would urge our readers to
place their order for next week's number at
once. Within a few days after the appear-
ance of the September instalment, Puck was
unobtainable at most newsstands, and in
spite of the increased editions, we doubt if
the second number will be readily obtained
unless you order your copy in advance.

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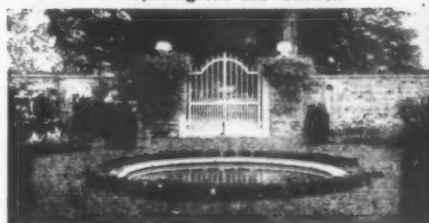
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questioned.



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P. S. 8-20-16



This picture is not historically accurate. King William the Conqueror, having let the shredded wheat cakes burn, was not jounced by the court jester as this picture would lead you to believe.

Yet this fact is not more fanciful or untrue than hundreds which you, Mr. Man, firmly believe.

PUCK is going into the business of giving cherished traditions a bump and truth a boost.

How did Columbus find his way to the New World across a salty deep with no signs on the street corners? Who led the first expedition of white men into the interior of the New World, which was in later years to be the home of Theodore Roosevelt and Vernon Castle? You don't know, do you? Well, why don't you buy next week's issue of PUCK and find out? It is a good story as told pictorially in PUCK. It is a story that is not only amusing but one that ought to be known by every patriotic American.

If you prefer to have PUCK call regularly for the next thirteen weeks enclose a dollar bill and sign on the dotted lines.

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219 Fifth Avenue, New York
For the enclosed \$1.00, kindly enter my name for a Three
Month's Trial Subscription.

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CITY & STATE _____



COMING TO THE METROPOLITAN OPERA SOON

— Drawn by R. Van Buren



Some people cannot understand why the Colonel is to stump the West when Mr. Hughes has just been over the same ground. It isn't necessary that anybody *should* understand. Like the Deity, Theodore moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Very likely he is preparing for another personally-conducted split in the Republican party, next time in 1920.

Senator Sherman of Illinois calls the President "the great American jester." This reminds us of what Macaulay said of a certain author: "A more insufferable jester never existed." — *The New York Sun.*

Sun readers note with a thrill of pleasure the heightened subtlety of the *Sun's* satire since Mr. Munsey took hold.

Among the terrible thoughts of the moment is the fact that Steel Common, Wall Street's pet stock, the offspring of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, went buoyantly above par for the first time in its life while the country "staggered" under the blight of a presidential campaign and the possibility of a re-elected Democratic administration.

If the opponents of public ownership of street railways are at all alive to their own interests they will charter Robinson Crusoe's island and send the Shontses and the Hedleys there for an indefinite term of years.

"As a Progressive I believe in nationalism. So does Hughes."

— *Gifford Pinchot.*

Mr. Pinchot is to be congratulated. It is not given to many to find out what Mr. Hughes believes in.

Cries Villa, "You saw that neither the Gringos nor the Carranzistas could catch me, even when I was ill." Ill? Villa is much too conservative. He was dead and buried.



THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST

UNCLE SAM: "Eat hearty, Miss Columbia, it's our prosperous year."

MISS COLUMBIA: "I don't seem to have any appetite."

Miss Ida Tarbell says that "the great trouble with Mr. Roosevelt is his out-of-dateness." She intimates further, and none too gently, that Mr. Roosevelt never got the Progressive idea into his head at all; that "he does not and never has really understood what the Progressives are fussing about." This is almost brutal. Not genuinely progressive? Why, the Colonel is as progressive as a pendulum. "Bully-by-George, forward!" And "bully-by-George, back!"

"The woman's hour has struck."
— *Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.*

It has been a great summer for strikes.

Republican campaign managers are disgruntled because Mr. Hughes in his speeches never mentions the other Republican candidates for office. The other Republican candidates frequently mention Mr. Hughes — under their breath.

There is an old-fashioned plant that is well-known to kitchen-gardeners as Creeping Charlie. Frequently it doesn't know which way to turn, and in the end it compromises by facing all ways at once. It may remind the Republican Campaign managers of somebody; somebody with whiskers.

Strike may tie up petticoats, quoth a disturbing headline. Shocking! If anything they should be tied down.

"In international affairs it is hardly possible that any red-blooded American should be personally neutral in his views on the great war; but every American who runs for office owes it to his constituents and to his State to approach all of these questions without prejudice and with an equal longing to conserve the friendship of all nations for his own country."

— *Calder, Senatorial candidate.*

How blithely the hedges are blooming!



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by Berton Braley

Drawings by Merle Johnson

Our labor woes thicken
Since workers have stricken—
("Have struck," then, if that's more
correct)
Till watching what's doing
And how things are brewing
We scarcely know *what* to expect.

In Gotham the subway
Men struck, in a dub way
That flivvered, but when this was writ
With fervor splenetic,
In strikes sympathetic,
The whole town was planning to quit.

We know not the outcome
But it will, no doubt, come
To this—and we're putting you wise—
That though you may utter
Loud protests, and sputter
The High Cost of Living will rise.

The ball season's ending
With lots of teams spending
Their strength as they hold to the pace,
And bunched all together
They run "hell for leather,"
Some race! brother rooters, some race!

Now Williams again is
The king pin of tennis;
Chick Evans is champ of the links,
Young Jones—nick-named Bobby—
Played golf that was nobby.
A marvel, that school-kid, methinks.

The Sultan is spilling
Some stanzas quite thrilling
In praise of his soldiers galore.
Well, let him be ranting,
In time he'll be chanting
Those verses which end "Nevermore!"

The G. O. P.'s showing
In Maine means we're going
Republican, leaders explain.
But, being no prophet
We laughingly scoff it,
Maine means to us nothing—but
Maine!

Carranza is thinking
Of gold that is clinking.
He's talking indemnity now,
From us. Will he get it?
Not much! You can bet it.
Not no time, not never, nohow!

The weather grows snappy,
The small boy's unhappy,
For school is a thing to abhor.
Judge Hughes is still seeking
The voters, and speaking.
Let's see—what's he candidate for?

The Germans are reaping
Great harvests, and heaping
Their grain in abundance, it's said.
Yet always their chief crop
We might call a "grief crop,"
A harvest of mangled and dead.

The Iron Ring's bound them
And slowly around them
It's closing, relentless and strong.
"Deutschland über Alles,"
You'll notice, this fall, is
Not much of a popular song.





A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS



VOL. LXXX No. 2065



WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 30, 1916

Rulers of a Hughes Congress

WHEN Mr. Hughes accuses the present Democratic administration of "sectionalism" because the Chairmanships of Congressional Committees are held mostly by Southern men, he knows, of course, that these chairmanships are determined by the rule of seniority, or length of service, and that the same rule will apply to a Republican Congress if Mr. Hughes's party is successful in the coming election.

Let us for the moment close our eyes to the pleasing prospect of Democratic victory and imagine that the worst has happened; that Mr. Hughes with no policy has been installed in the White House and a Republican Congress of special privilege seated in the Capitol, with a very definite policy, knowing exactly what it wants and who it wants it for.

Under the rule of seniority, Mr. Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania would have the choice of the Senate chairmanship of the Finance or Naval Affairs or Post Offices or Post Roads committees. The one best and only guess is that he would take the Finance Committee, where special privilege writes the tariff schedules under Republican administrations in the upper House. Mr. Penrose is the gentleman who, in connection with William Lorimer of Illinois, has been so highly recommended by Theodore Roosevelt for retirement to private life. He would have as associates on that committee such staunch friends of the people whose names are in the Directory of Corporations as Lodge, McCumber, Smoot, Gallinger and Clark of Wyoming.

The Chairmanship of the Military Affairs and the Committee on Coast defenses would go to that disinterested statesman, Senator Dupont of the Powder Trust, which ought to insure full preparedness, at least in the matter of that form of explosive.

William Alden Smith of Michigan would be Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee. His qualifications were shown in the Titanic investigation, in which he demanded to know why the passengers did not take refuge in the watertight compartments and in which he succeeded in worming out of a reluctant witness the awful secret that icebergs are composed of ice. With this veteran old sea dog in charge of Naval Affairs in the Senate, the United States ought to be able to produce warships of a highly improved type, with fine "flats" for the officers and commodious front and back porches to sit on in the evenings.

Senator Francis E. Warren of Wyoming, would be

Chairman of the Appropriations Committee. Senator Warren comes from a cattle state, but his specialty is "pork," as shown by the fact that in 1912 he put through bills in the Senate for three post-office buildings to cost \$200,000 in three towns, whose total population was less than 2,000. One of these Western metropolises, Sundance, has a population of 291, and is fifty miles from a railroad. However, the watchfulness of a Democratic Senator, Lea of Tennessee, prevented Sundance, Thermopolis and Newcastle, Wyoming, from becoming the architectural marvels of the New World. As Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, Senator Warren would inherit the unofficial title of "watch-dog of the Treasury," and would be supposed to bark at all intruders, especially "pork-barrel" Congressmen.

The tariff bill in the House would be framed by John W. Fordney of Michigan as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, assisted, by "Hampy" Moore and Ebenezer Hill and other well-known mountain climbers for Protection.

The seniority rule, both in Senate and House, would result in about the same way with the other committee chairmanships with few exceptions.

To cap the climax, the House would be presided over by James R. Mann of Illinois, who voted for the McLemore resolution to surrender American rights on the high seas, and who, in his capacity as speaker, would be the guardian of National Honor in the House.

Let us again open our eyes to the pleasing prospect of Democratic success.

Cleanliness and Cities

DR. HORNADAY, in charge of the Zoological Park, says that ten per cent of the people of the city are human swine, equally indifferent to filth and dirt and all forms of moral suasion intended to wean them from their filthy ways.

This is not quite true. Unfortunately, where outdoor cleanliness is concerned, more than ten per cent of the general public comes under the unappetizing category of Dr. Hornaday. It is encouraging, however, to see that clean streets, clean out-doors, are being appreciated by at least some people. The trouble with the campaign for clean streets is that it is made in the guise of a campaign for health; and health matters, when they are not dramatic in the form of an epidemic, have very little interest for the American public.

To the Glory of Cities

It is a very pleasant thing for one long in the country pent to escape to the city for a breath of fresh air. Indeed, it is a life-saver. When one thinks of the countless poor children scattered about the countryside without the means of obtaining even a day or so in New York during the blazing, suffocating summer one does not wonder that they die by the hundreds. Poor little things, when a single trip to town might save them! One would think that some of our millionaires with so much money to spend could take a few dozen country children into town during the hottest spell of the year so that they could fill their little lungs with the wholesome tonic air that blows across Manhattan Island and get some good nourishing appetizing food into their debilitated bodies. What worthier object of charity is there than this? What more patriotic act, than thus to conserve the energies of the youthful nation?

Now I myself have been spending the summer in the country, and so I know something about the place. We, I and my unfortunate family, are about twenty-five miles from New York. I am a poor man, comparatively, and I haven't the means to go to town every day. My wife, too, is in delicate health, and I have sometimes feared that I might lose her before we can get moved back to the city. You see, she needs good air and a diet that will build her up. But we are in the country, and she gets weaker every day. I got her in, however, last Sunday, and we had a square meal at Childs' and she has been better ever since. During the brief time that we were in town I felt more like myself than I have all summer. Well, the summer's pretty near over now—only a few weeks more, and then I'll be a new man!

But at present we are, as I say, in the country. For the benefit of city-dwellers I'll describe the country. Over all is the pitiless heavens. A withering, stifling blanket of heat, saturated with moisture, lays over the endless land. There is never a breath of fresh air. (Except when there is a thunderstorm—a thing which cannot be imagined by city-dwellers.) The perspiration pours from you, and there is nothing to take your mind off of the heat, nothing to look at but trees. Now and then you see some other lonely fellow mortal going slowly about, dragging his wretched bucolic life with him. Occasionally a party of happy motorists from the city whizzes by. Insects of more kinds than you ever heard of bite into your nerves until you could scream with frenzy. Dust grinds into every crevice

of a body become loathsome to you. Your feet hurt like sin. You are suffering from the soul out. But what do asinine cows care for that! You come home to your monotonous country fare, never anything that is out of season locally. If you could only have something that you wanted to eat! If you could only be a boy again back on the avenue! That would make a man of you.

Then, as I say, we went into town last Sunday. As we entered the city's ragged edges my wilted heart lifted up. I saw human activity. I saw the noble hovels of my humbler brother men. I saw the poor and oppressed decked with toil, their lives made glad by the wine of human companionship. Then the surge and beat of the great city took us. It poured through my veins, a life-giving tonic. I could have leaped from my seat and waved my hat. Aye! I was lusty. On the golden pavement my wife and I solemnly shook hands. Our immortal spirits, long atrophied, had returned to us.

A spanking breeze blew across the town, catching skirts awhirl. There was the sparkle and whirl of wheels. Men, dapper men, moved jauntily. Women, ah! women, women rouged, bedizened, chic, audacious, decked out in all the fantasies of madding fashion, everywhere, delicious, ravishing, goading, stinging into the temper of steel the spirit of man. And then as I saw that symbol of man's might and beauty and power, a traffic policeman "conducting the orchestral Strand" (only this wasn't the Strand), my eyes filled with tears from emotion.

Through the windows of restaurants we saw persons, those chosen by the gods to dwell in cities, eating watermelon, and other of the earth's yield forbidden, until goodness knows when, in the country; and, dear and cherished urban brother, we went in.

—Robert C. Holliday.

Loved

LITTLE EMMA WAYUPP: Gwendolyn High-flier's parents think a lot of her, don't they?

LITTLE MABELLE BLASÉ: Indeed they do. She says that her mama has kissed her more times than she has kissed the chauffeur and that her papa has hugged her more times than he has hugged their maid.

Wanted To See It

HOTEL ATTENDANT: Get your head out of that elevator shaft. What's the matter with you?

UNCLE EBEN: Just a minute, son. There's a fellow just made an ascension in that darn thing and I'm going to watch him make the parachute-drop.

The Peking-Hankow Railway made the following announcement in its advertisement in a recent issue of the *Peking Gazette*: "Owing to the increase in the selling price of provisions in Peking and Tientsin, the Minister of Communications has decided to reduce the freight rates."

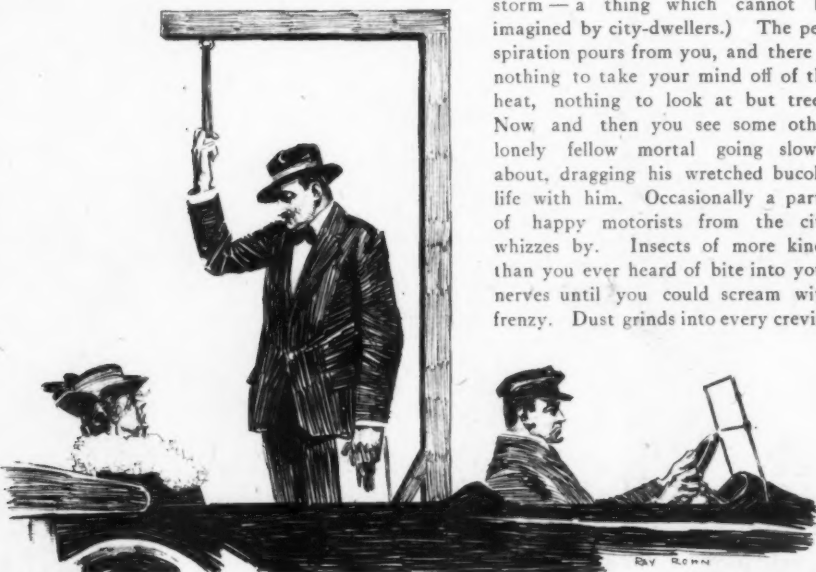
How novel! Our own little Interstate Commerce Commission ought to be tipped off.



MRS. JONES: "George, I think I'll have my new hat trimmed with yellow flowers—or would you prefer pink?"



"Let me see, I have my umbrella, my glasses and book, but still I feel that I am forgetting something very important."



MR. NEWRICH: "Sorry, my dear, but this is the only way I can feel comfortable in transit."

The Professor and the College Graduate

She came in answer to his advertisement for a secretary.

"Are you Professor Delaney, the gentleman who advertised for a secretary?" she timidly quavered, glancing at the dapper young man before her.

"Righto, little one," bubbled the professor, noting certain satisfactory contours.

"You wanted — er — a college graduate?"

"A college graduate. Righto again," he murmured.

"I don't know whether I'll do, sir," she said modestly, while the professor went through a gesture of slapping his own wrist, "but I'm a graduate of one of the most thorough colleges in the country —"

"Say no more, Gwendolyn —"

"Claribel, sir."

The professor patted back his nut-brown pompadour.

"I have a terrible memory for names, Madeline. You'll do. Come to-morrow at nine."

"Yes, sir." After a short pause. "By the way, sir, it will help me in the performance of my duties if I knew what you're professor of."

"Sure thing, Winifred," explained the prospective employer, with a gracious wave of his hand; "haven't you ever heard of Professor Barney Delaney, instructor in fancy, buck and wing, stage and ball-room dances, the society favorite, ten dollars down and —"

The applicant started as if some one had jolted her.

"Aw," she muttered, "ain't I the poor, deluded boob, handing my best company chatter to you all the time! Now I can talk natural. I t'ought you wuz —"

"Never mind recording the agitated workings of that little brain of yours, Nannette," interrupted the professor. Suspicion began to lurk in his hitherto infatuated glance. "What interests me now is to know the college that claims the honor of having let you loose. I am 'dancing master to the particular', as my circulars will tell you."

"Don't you believe me, smarty?" she almost hissed. "Here's the diploma they give me. See what it says." She opened up an imposing looking document with a big red seal in the lower left-hand corner. "Read it yourself. 'Patchem's Correspondence Business College, guaranteed to make you a perfect secretary in ten lessons or your money back.'"

— Elias Lieberman.

Avoiding Confusion

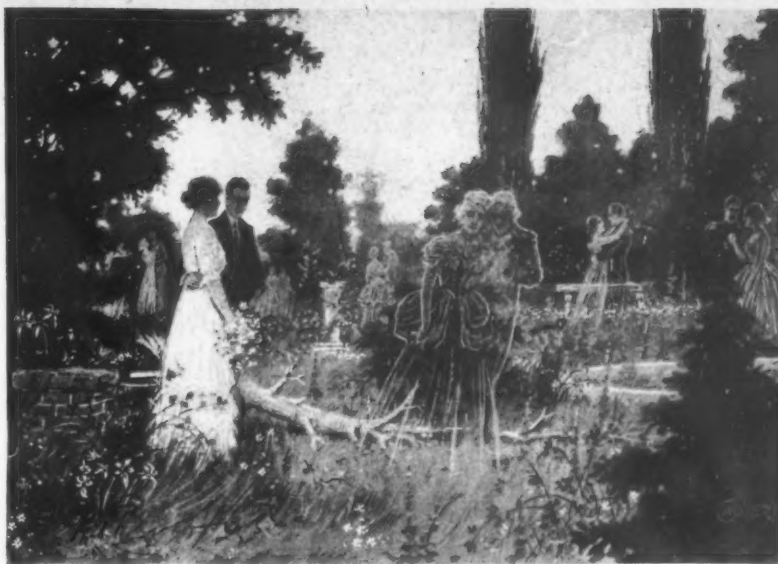
"Can you make anything out of the news from Europe?"

"Easiest thing in the world. I only read the newspapers every other day. In this way I get a connected story of one side or the other and avoid the denials."

LOUIS: Mother, how did father get to know you?

MOTHER: Why, one day at the seashore I fell from a pier into the water, and your father jumped in and saved me.

LOUIS: Isn't that funny! Why, he won't let me learn how to swim!



Somebody's old garden.

— Drawn by Calvert



— Drawn by Hal Burrows

Supplies entering a popular restaurant.



— Drawn by Robt. D. Dickie

"Now, dear, try to look a little more ferocious just for a moment."



—Drawn by P. D. Johnson

"How much is this apple, Mr. Jones?"
 "Well, young lady, that will cost you just one kiss."
 "All right, sir, muvver will come in and pay you in the morning."

Content and Strikes

This is a verbatim report of a dialogue that ensued between a subway guard and a passenger during the height of the recent New York traction strike:

"So you are not going to strike?" asked the passenger.

"I am not," replied the guard. "I have worked for the company six years, and support my wife and two children comfortably. She has her own pass on the road, and we buy our supplies at the markets encouraged by the company at the end of our lines. After I have worked twenty-two years I shall

be pensioned, and shall have no cares in my old age. Why should I strike?"

"But are you not interested in the Union principle?"

"I am not," was the reply. "I know that this strike is urged by organizers who will profit largely by the increased membership of their association if they win. They care nothing for me nor for any other man in the service. They are seeing to it that their own pockets are well lined, and the poor devils who lose their jobs pay the freight. That sums up all there is to say for the Union principle, as you call it, as applied to the transit problem of New York. The men who are trying to cause the strike are strangers; they come from other cities where they have gotten away with it—always at the expense of the workers. I see no reason why I should join any organization, simply to keep these agitators in soft jobs."

And there you have it, pretty clearly stated by one of the "downtrodden employees."

HOMEBOY: "So you think I get off easily when I tell you it costs me two thousand dollars a year for taxes?"

ROUNDER: "Oh, taxes! I thought you said taxis."



"Dom that bee! I always was afraid o' their little stingers!"

A Matter of Taste

A remarkable and enlightening discovery has been made by Robert W. Stevens, a music professor in Chicago University, relative to the flavor of different sorts of music. He claims that particular instruments and particular compositions have their distinctive tastes. For example, the music of the oboe tastes like lemon, the flute like crystal sugar, the cello like good coffee, and the clarinet like good grapefruit. Beethoven's compositions, declares Professor Stevens, taste like tenderloin steak; while Chopin's works have the flavor of fresh trout. This is very interesting, as far as it goes; but it doesn't go far enough. If the music of the oboe tastes like a lemon to Professor Stevens, we would take great pleasure in hearing him tell what the music of an overworked hurdy-gurdy tastes like. And does the professor dare to come right out and tell us in straightforward, unexpurgated language just how some of the more recent compositions of Mr. Debussy taste? We await the professor's verdict with impatience.

It seems to be a violation of international law for any country to finish in the second division in one of its own official bulletins.

A Business Story

Horatio J. Jones began as an office boy. His salary was \$4 per week.

His first task was to sit at a knife-scarred old desk and address envelopes, envelopes, envelopes all day long till his fingers were stiff and his arm ached.

But Horatio J. Jones was no quitter. He stuck. And after a while he was promoted to better things, including a raise of two dollars.

boy at \$4 a week, he has gone up, up, up until now as a successful banker he commands a salary of \$40,000 a year.

His desk and surroundings are very different from those of his office-boyhood. The desk is mahogany, so are the wall-panels, so are the chairs. The fireplace was pulled out by the roots from a French château of the fifteenth century.

And his task is different, too. All day long, he sits and puts his name to checks,

A Tragedy of the Garden

It was Eve's wedding day, and Adam, the happy bridegroom, had just dropped in to see how the caterer and the florist were getting on with their jobs.

Suddenly, after a vain attempt to keep them back, Eve burst into tears.

"O, Adam!" she sobbed. "It's awful!"

"Why, dearest, what is the matter?" asked the first man tenderly. "Tears on our wedding day? Fie!"



—Drawn by Everett Shinn

MAGISTRATE: "It is inferred by the court that as this Maxim silencer was found on you, you were going to use it on a weapon for which you have no license. Am I right?"

PRISONER: "No, your Honor; I was taking it home to put on my Ford."

(Thirty years are supposed to elapse.)

Peep into that private office—nobody will hear you, the carpet is three inches thick—and see if you know the man at the large flat-topped desk in the center of the room. You don't? Well, it is Horatio J. Jones, the newly elected president of the Goldlined Loan and Trust Company.

The story of his rise in the business world is one of brilliant progress. From an office

certificates and other papers that MUST have his signature. He signs till his fingers are stiff and his arm aches.

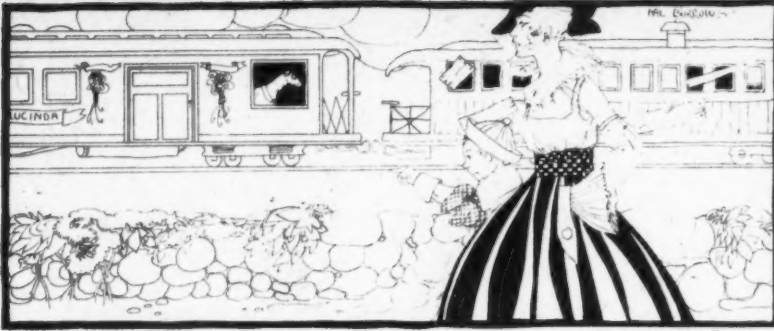
"The difference," he sighs, "between a \$4 job and one of \$40,000 is that in the first you write other people's names, and in the second, you write your own."

When Greek meets Greek they remain strictly neutral.

"I know, but I just can't help it," choked his almost-mate. "Think of it! You are a man, and perhaps can't understand how a woman feels about such things; but think of it! I shall go to the altar with not a single thing, not even a bit of old lace, that my grandmother wore when she was married!"

And the waterworks started afresh.

As Maine goes so go the politicians.



—Drawn by Hal Barrows

"Mother, what is that car for?"
"For race-horses, dear."

"And the old one?"
"Oh, that's for soldiers."

The First of October

We reside at No. 719 W. 115th St. It is a very comfortable apartment. I had always supposed that it contained everything that the heart of man could imagine. But one of the back bedrooms gets no sun. It is of the highest importance that all bedrooms get the sun at some time of the day. That invaluable monthly adviser of housekeepers, the Home Maker, makes that assertion and cites facts and figures in support. Incontrovertible figures. Therefore, we are going to move on October 1st.

Besides, we have been in the apartment two years. During the last ten years of our married life, we have moved every two years.

Before that, we moved every year.

This time we shall look for sun in the back bedroom. Without, of course, sacrificing any of the advantages of No. 719, except that, for my part, I shall be satisfied with a little less onyx in the entrance hall.

We spent two weeks in looking for rooms. Many seemed acceptable, until Susan called my attention to some grave defect I had overlooked. Often, where the apartment was satisfactory, the neighborhood was not. That is, to Susan.

At last we discovered it. Exquisite, complete, perfect. A gem of an apartment. There were three new devices in the kitchen, unknown to No. 719. If anything, the rooms were bigger. The dining-room was certainly more magnificent. And all the bedrooms had the sun. It was situated at No. 108 Agassiz Ave. You have guessed it. Washington Heights.

The apartment was still tenanted, but would be vacated on the first of October.

That was awkward. No. 719 was also leased from the first and the party wanted possession on that day. It would have to be vacated by noon. Now, to come into a house that is being decorated is out of the question. Also, it is unhealthy. *Vide the Home Maker for June, 1914, p. 67.*

"Perhaps they would consent to move a few days earlier," suggested Susan.

I was to make the suggestion to the occupant. I did. He was a tall, fierce man, and was visibly annoyed.

"Can't be done," he answered.

Susan does not accept negative answers. I tried again. Evidently my persistence mollified him. He took me into his confidence.

It seems that he was going to move to No. 326 S. Kenilworth St., Brooklyn. That

apartment would not be vacant before the first. What was he to do?

I saw his position and a thought struck me. What if I tried to persuade the S. Kenilworth people to move somewhat earlier?

He would be under great obligations to me.

The idea flattered me. He was at least six feet two and must have measured a good yard from shoulder-pad to shoulder-pad. I am a foot less vertically, and about half his dimension transversely.

S. Kenilworth St. was suspicious. How could they know that I was speaking for Agassiz Ave.? I suggested telephoning.

My credentials being accepted, S. Kenilworth St. looked at me again. Why should Agassiz Ave. desire the apartment earlier than the first? I explained my relation to the transaction. I cited the Home Maker for June, 1914, p. 67. He looked at me sympathetically. Mrs. S. Kenilworth St. is a subscriber.

He was unfeignedly sorry, but the rooms which he wished to take would be occupied till the first. If—

I accepted with alacrity. Where was it?

"In the Bronx, Ogden Ave. No. 1111."

I was glad the number was easy to remember. On the way to the Bronx,

I could not recall just how many ones there were, so I tried 11, then 111, before I came to the house.

The tenants were of foreign

extraction. Spanish, I

thought, or Italian. I

gathered that their polite

but unmistakable

refusal was due to



—Drawn by C. F. Peters

MOVING DAY

"I've found the eggs, dear."

the fact that they had rented a little house at New Dorp, Staten Island, which would not be ready for them till the first.

Staten Island is not far from the Bronx. Not if the trip means the sun in the back bedroom.

The New Dorp gentleman came from Cattaraugus County and was going to return there. I made clear to him what I wanted. In some detail, twice.

Then I inquired whether he could by any possibility move before the first.

He thought a minute. "I could," he said, "but why should I?"

I told him that if he moved on the 18th of September, the Ogden Ave. people could move on the 21st, the people of S. Kenilworth St. could move on the 24th, and if they did, the tall man of Agassiz Ave. could move on the 27th and my apartment would be ready for me on the first.

"326 S. Kenilworth St.?" he asked, "Brooklyn?"

I nodded.

"Party named Robson?"

I didn't know his name.

"Sarah," he called. He was quite excited.

"Don't the Robsons live at 326 S. Kenilworth St., Brooklyn?"

Sarah confirmed his belief.

"Robson!" went on Cattaraugus solemnly, "Me do a favor fer any of the Robsons! Hi Robson done me out o' fifty dollars five years ago, and sooner than oblige any o' Hi Robson's people, I'll see 'em stretched out on the ground before me."

I protested feebly that the favor was for me, not for the tortious Robsons.

There is one thing that I have not told Susan. I signed a lease on the apartment for six years. Perhaps for the next ten years, our average will be once in two and a half years.

—Curt Hansen.



KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!



GOSH! WE'RE HAVING
A COLD
SUMMER



WALL ST. "A NICE MESS YOU'VE MADE OF THE CAMPAIGN"



MR. HUGHES GOES WEST



AND RETURNS

CAMPAIGN DAYS WITH HUGHES

— Drawn by W. C. Morris

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

By H. C. BUNNER

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

PART VI

They talked over the situation while they were dressing, next morning.

"Oh, m-m-m-m-vere," began Adèle, "I h-m-m-m-t-tell-m-m-M-f-s- B-f-s-t —"

"Take those hairpins out of your mouth!" commanded Paul.

"I beg your pardon, dear," said Adèle; "it *was* rude, but I only wanted to say that I had to tell Mrs. Bassett something about how we came to be here. I didn't tell her anything you wouldn't have wanted me to, I'm sure, but when she asked me how long we had known her son, I thought I ought to explain just how he'd met us, and — and —"

"Run us in?" suggested Paul.

"I didn't know what to call it," said Adèle, "so I just said 'invited.' And she was awfully nice about it, Paul. She didn't ask a single question, but only said she was glad we had come."

"Didn't she make any comments?" asked Paul, who began to wonder if Mr. Bassett often enlivened his vacations by buccaneering for guests.

"Not then, but a little later on, when we were talking about something else, she said — I wish you could have seen the corners of her mouth when she said it, Paul — she said: 'It's Ezry's trade to suspicion folks, and sometimes I think he's most too devoted to business.'"

"Was that all?"

"No; just before we went to bed, when she was helping me put away our things in the hall, she took up my hat and looked at it, and she said: 'I don't see what Ezry saw wrong about thee's bunnit, but if thee'd come in a bushel-basket or a golden crown I wouldn't have suspicioned thee.'"

"I guess the old lady's all right," said Paul.

"Paul, she's a *dear!*"

"So's Bassett," said Paul, remembering the schnapps. "I mean, he's a first-rate fellow if you don't have to run up against him professionally. They're both good people; and they mean well, and they are certainly treating us royally. But, really, we can't stay here. After all, you know, if you come to think of it, it's a little bit of an imposition on our part. We can't go on playing suspicious characters for our board and lodging, even if Bassett did suggest it."

"No, of course not," said Adèle, as she pulled aside the white dimity window-curtain and gazed out on the broad valley below them; all a pale, cool green under the light morning mist. "But it *is* so nice here! And so you're going to tell them all about us, Paul?"

"I'll be *hanged* if I am!" shouted Paul, with so much vigor that the collar-button which he was trying to put into place flew out of his fingers. "I'm as good a man as

Bassett, any day; and I don't propose to be bluffed by him or anybody else."

"But what *will* you do, dear?"

"Just go."

"But he'll detain you — at the next town, don't you know?"

"No he won't. Yesterday, I think he would have detained us, but if Bassett isn't a fool — and I think he's far from a fool — he's had a talk with his mother by this time, and he won't say 'Boo' when we tell him we're going."

"I suppose he's afraid we'd sue him for false imprisonment or damages or something, if he arrested us, and then they found out that we weren't robbers?"

"Hardly that," said Paul, doubtfully; "but then, people might have their opinion of a detective who couldn't detect any more than that, with the chance he's had."



"She asked me where I'd buried the tin peddler."

"Oh," said Adèle, enlightened. "You think people would think it was a joke on him?"

"I think people might be inclined to regard it in that light," said Paul.

Paul's judgment proved to be correct. After breakfast — suppawn, (and that's hasty-pudding, if you're not a Dutchman): Indian-meal, (what sinful folks call 'mush,') hot biscuit, flannel-cakes, boiled eggs, salt pork, brawn, (that's head-cheese,) corn-bread, apple-pie, fried hominy and green tea — after breakfast Paul delivered his

little address to his host while they were inspecting the cattle, which were Holstein stock.

"Mr. Bassett," said he, "there is no use in our imposing ourselves any longer upon your hospitality; nor is there any use in your concerning yourself for our welfare. I'm not going to reconcile my present occupation with my choice of a hatter, to please you or any man. But I can assure you that the worst trouble I have ahead of me is that of saying good-by to you and Mrs. Bassett. And that, I am sorry to say, I shall have to do to-day; for, as you may observe," and he pointed to the red wagon, "I have a rather large stock of tinware on hand, and I want to get to work and peddle it off."

"Well, well," said Mr. Bassett, as he took Paul's hand and pressed it thoughtfully, "well, well, I am right glad to hear — not that you're going away — I'll be sorry for that, and Ma Bassett will be sorry for it — but that you're going away without any trouble . . . or worry . . . or apprehension . . . or alarm . . . or unpleasant or disagreeable or inconvenient outlook of any kind *what* —

so — ever." Mr. Bassett made this speech with great deliberation, and with considerate pauses, lingering on each suggestion of a possible cause for discomfort, as though he were giving Paul a last chance to seize on some word for a text for a full confession. But Paul confessed nothing, and Mr. Bassett sighed gently as he released his guest's hand.

"Well," said Paul, "I guess I'll hitch up."

"No, no, you won't," said Mr. Bassett. "No; you won't do anything of the kind! Now that everything's settled, and we ain't got any business on our minds, we'll just go

fishing. Tinware trade must be slack just now; most families must be pretty well tinned up, and you can just as well as not afford to take a few days off. You've got the makings of a fisherman in you, and I'll bring them out."

Paul felt obliged to decline this invitation, for he knew that he could not afford to trifle with the first glow of his enthusiasm in the tinware business. It was a tender thing, and might fleet away before his eyes. But he soon saw that it was a matter of delicacy with Mr. Bassett, and that his recent captor would esteem highly the favor of playing his host in a non-professional capacity. So he finally compromised, and agreed to stay to dinner, and to spend the morning whipping the trout-stream, with his entertainer. When this was settled, a pained look departed from Mr. Bassett's face, and they went after their rods.

After dinner—I do not think I will say more about their dinner bill-of-fare, except that it was bewildering—they found it very hard parting from their new friends. You see, these two young people had swung out of their own orbit, and had impinged upon a Home, and there was a great attraction set up right off, so that they hated to tear themselves away. There is a good deal of difference between a Home and the reddest of Wagons.

They had got their chariot out of the barn, and their sorrel mare hitched up, when Ma Bassett asked them to wait a minute, and she and Ezra went back into the kitchen. Paul was standing at the horse's head, and Adèle noticed a peculiar look come into his face. Now Adèle was the only person in the world who knew that Paul had possibilities of being mischievous, and she at once asked: "Paul, what are you thinking about?"

"I was only thinking," said Paul, "that I might ask Bassett if he wanted anything in the tinware line."

"You shan't do anything of the sort," said Adèle, "after they've been so good to us. But I'll tell you what you might do, and it would be awfully nice. Come here, I want to whisper to you."

Five minutes later Paul presented himself at the kitchen door, staggering under the burden of a large assortment of tinware, selected by Adèle, of which he begged Mrs. Bassett's acceptance. And Mrs. Bassett after a while accepted it, and she gave him her blessing, while Mr. Bassett put a great package wrapped up in brown paper into the red wagon, and there was no end of good-byes, and then the Browns drove off up the dusty road.

It was a beautiful Summer afternoon, and their road wound its way up the hillside by easy grades. It was warm; but there were little refreshing puffs of breeze every now and then; and the two Browns sat up on their high perch and enjoyed the day and the drive and their own company and the slow, gradual, happy digestion of their dinners. The little sorrel mare had completed the digestion of her dinner, and now she tried to show that she felt her oats, and was duly grateful therefor, by switching her tail, snorting, and from time to time trying to



"Oh, Paul! . . . fifteen cents for a great, big wash boiler?"

introduce a sort of skip, or hitch-and-kick combination into her regular trot. But the tranquil condition of joy which enfolded the Browns grew more and more like simple old-fashioned slumber, until, late in the



"Buona sera."

afternoon, as the sun was beginning to settle down in the western sky, Adèle suddenly gave a nervous start, grasped her husband by the arm, and gazed in his face with a look of horror.

"Paul," she cried, "do you know what we've done?"

"N—no," said Paul, who wasn't quite awake yet; "I didn't know we done anything."

"That's just it," said Adèle, impressively.

"What have we done? Nothing; absolutely nothing."

"I don't understand you at all, my dear," said Paul, desperately puzzled. "First you say we have done something, and then you say we haven't done anything."

"Paul Brown," said Adèle, with tragic solemnity, as she held up the price-list before him and pointed with her forefinger to the line:

"Lxx—33½—10—2, 1 off for cash Zmx net. 30 days."

"What did we start out to do? To sell tinware! At farm-houses! Now look there!"

She made Paul turn and look down the long expanse of gently sloping hillside up which they had been climbing all the afternoon. They could see the road back of them for miles and miles, bordered right and left by a continuous succession of thriving farms, every one of which might have contained at that moment some faithful housewife with a heart half breaking for a new outfit of tinware.

They gazed in silence, but Adèle's lips moved softly. She was counting.

"There are twenty-three of them," she said at last, "not including the flagman's little house at the railroad crossing."

"I don't think he'd want anything in our line," said Paul, snatching at a crumb of comfort.

"You can't tell," Adèle corrected him with severity. "He might want—a tin cup—or a cuspidor—we have both."

"Well," Paul suggested, somewhat feebly, "there are plenty more farm-houses left."

"They can never take the place of those farm-houses to me," said Adèle. "They are twenty-three opportunities lost, and something makes me feel sure that every one of them would have bought something. The very next house we come to," she concluded sternly, "you must sell them something, even if you have to sell it at a sacrifice. I don't mean to go to sleep to-night without saying we really have peddled."

Paul shook his head doubtfully.

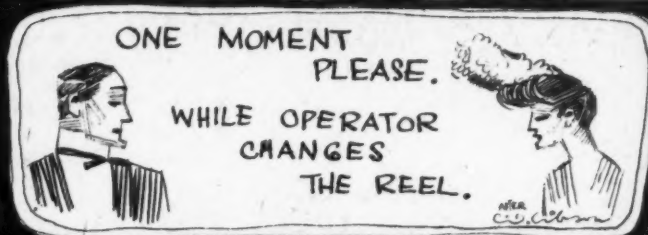
"We are getting pretty near the top of this hill, or mountain, or whatever you call it," he said, "and I don't believe we'll come across any more houses until we get over into the next valley. I don't think anybody lives up here."

But Paul was mistaken. A turn in the road suddenly brought them in sight of a house, at least a sort of house—the sort of house that somehow always seems to get into picturesque situations on mountain-tops and in other desirable pieces of scenery—a perfectly plain, square, frame house, with about as much architecture to it as a shoe-box stood on end. A thin, gaunt woman, with a forbidding face, sat in the door-way. She had a wooden platter in her lap, and was viciously hashing something. Paul objected strongly to making her his first customer.

"Anyone who would build a house like that in a place like this doesn't deserve to have tin," he said. "I don't believe that woman knows what tin is. She probably uses galvanized iron, or some such thing as that."

But Adèle would not listen to him.

(Continued on page 22)



THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

Sharper Than the Sword

Will the kind (very) person or persons who stripped my garden of currants on Wednesday night or Thursday morning please let me have a taste of jam when they have same ready? Again thanking them for saving me the trouble of picking. Persons who would rob a soldier would certainly rob the dead.

W. F. SHARP, C. Q. M. SERGT.
The North Battleford (Sask.) Optimist.

There is Something in a Name

Acting Recorder Stein, of Paterson, N. J., fined Edward Juice \$3 for yesterday running his auto without lights, and freed Charles Boozer, who was locked up drunk.

— New York World.

Providence and Profit

A Salina, Kan., preacher is forever quitting the pulpit because he can get but \$1,200 per year for his services. Long about the middle of next winter when he is chasing around after some \$50 job he may be sorry he struck on the Lord.

— The Wagoner (Okla.) Record.

Eugenics

BOARDER — Man with every convenience. Apply Walnut Hills, the fifth house from end of cemetery car line.

— The Huntington (W. Va.) Advertiser.

The Course of Love

Pres. Downum had the misfortune to let his horse run away last Saturday night. The horse broke loose while Pres. was bidding his girl good-night, and considerable damage was done to the buggy.

— The Springdale (Ark.) News.

The Age of Reason

"Wanted — Donkey or a goat; must be reasonable."

— Ad. in The Buffalo News.

The Tendency

There are several hundred dollars due The Dixie Press on subscription in Polk County. Of course, we do not need this money in our business — of course not; but we want to buy a 4rd, and we are asking our subscribers to help us out.

— The Dixie (Ark.) Press.

Like Hair?

Ralph E. Lewis is having his block painted. It will be a great improvement.

— The Plattsburg (N. Y.) Press.

Forced

"We'uns," being one of the correspondents of the Garland News, want to say we enjoyed a most delightful time last Friday afternoon in the home of ye Editor and wife.

— The Garland (Texas) News.

In the Midst of Life

PLEASE announce through your columns that the funeral of old Bro. W. H. King and his wife will be preached the 4th Sunday in August at New Oak Grove church, two miles east of Nauvoo, on Jasper and Russellville road, by Rev. John W. Moore; and there will also be on the same day a memorial singing in both the New Books and the Sacred Harp, as they were dear lovers of all good music. The new book singing will be conducted by Prof. A. C. Alexander and the old by Bro. Jess Lamons, Bro. John R. Dutton and others. All singers are cordially invited to attend with your books. Everybody come with well-filled basket and spend the day; a grand and glorious time is expected. Come one, come all. Yours truly,

W. M. OMARY.

— The Jasper (Ala.) Eagle.

The Main Chance

The usual Tuesday night dance at the Crescent hotel to-night. Refined public invited.

— The Eureka Springs (Ark.) Times-Echo.

Nice to Foster

Mr. and Mrs. Less Lavery went to Lamar last week after feed for Mr. Foster and themselves.

— The Two Buttes (Colo.) Sentinel.

We Don't See This

Chas. McGill keeps so busy running back and forth that his friends have begun to worry for fear Chas. will keep shrinking till there's nothing to him.

— The Two Buttes (Colo.) Sentinel.

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"I declare, George, since I've started to moult

I really

haven't a thing to wear!"

LOOK AROUND NOW FOR YOUR EXIT

Like the Cat

Men who come back have shared honors in the theatres this Fall with crooks. Jules Eckert Goodman's play, "The Man Who Came Back" is a story of the regeneration of a boy who wasted life. "Mr. Lazarus," Harvey O'Higgins' and Harriet Ford's slender comedy in which Henry E. Dixey is appearing, is another kind of coming back. His return home is a sort of reincarnation.

A Wife's Devotion

One Molloy was supposed to have been killed in a railroad accident on his honeymoon, and to the lodging house run by his widow and his posthumous daughter, he comes to rent a room. As they have known him only through a crayon enlargement of a tin-type, they do not recognize the new lodger. He frees his wife from the tyrannical doctor—her second matrimonial selection—arranges the marriage of his daughter to the young artist, and declares his identity



"THE MAN WHO CAME BACK"

is no freshness in the story of the young girl who loves a celebrity, follows him to France, and returns to her father and waiting lover, when she finds that she is playing second fiddle to the great man's violin.

Farces

In the early season farce has had its sway, and there have been very few kinds of farce that have not been in view. At the 48th Street Theatre, James Powers has been showing with very poor material, "Somebody's Luggage," how little it takes for the old-time and efficient actor to build upon. The actor of the older period does know the secret of making bricks without straw.

The Bump of Location

Otto Hauerbach assisted by two other gentlemen was less successful in his farce "A Pair of Queens" than he was in his more feverish "Silent Witness." Nevertheless, he has written some amusing scenes and with the help of Mr. H. H. Frazee has



"MR. LAZARUS"

when he must. But when he finds that as Molloy he has a wife to make him go to church and to curtail the number of his cigars, he disappears once more, this time leaving his wife and daughter with generous incomes.

A Character Study

It is one of the ways of our theatre that if the leading part in a play is the character study of a genius and eccentric, all of the attention must be focused on that character, and there must be as a foil a young girl who loves him. Often there is no reason why the young girl is attracted to the character. Such is the case in "Paganini," a comedy that Edward Knoblauch has tailored for George Arliss. The play fits the player well, but it is not interesting entertainment. In addition to the lack of either magnetism or personal attractiveness, as represented in the part of the great violinist, Paganini, there



"THE MAN WHO CAME BACK"

conferred a great boon upon New York theatre-goers.

Time was when one could tell the theatres apart because of their traditions. Daly's meant something. Even the Empire recently succumbed to the policy of harboring any of the forms of theatrical entertainment, and the first musical comedy has appeared on its stage. With the building of innumerable theatres that are architecturally exactly alike, the bewilderment of the New York theatre-goer greatly increased, but it was impossible, when witnessing Mr. Hauerbach's "A Pair of Queens" at the Longacre to forget that one was in the theatre that had housed "A Pair of Sixes" and "A Full House." And there were other evidences of this exact sense of location in addition to the presence of stage policemen (the Longacre brand is funny) and a slavey (practically the star rôle in Longacre farces).

A Fanciful Suggestion

Leading ornithologists, alarmed by the decrease in the numbers of our song birds, are urging the nation to adopt lizards as household pets, instead of cats. There is much to be said in behalf of the lizard. He is not given to sitting on a back fence at 2 a.m. and emitting a series of ear-splitting whoops which lead the neighbors to believe that an infant is being done to death in a particularly painful manner. He has never been known to sharpen his claws on the legs of a sixty-dollar mahogany chair which has been

nerve-wrecking in the extreme. It is greatly to be feared that if our song birds wait for the cat to be superseded by the lizard, they will break all records for long-distance waiting.

— K. L. Roberts.

"Can your wife cook?"
"She can roast."

Now comes the news that the Italians are going to adopt a blacklist, but persons familiar with Mulberry Street state that they've had one for ages.



MRS. CLIMBER-FATTUMS (to husband who has just allowed Mrs. Beach to be ducked):
"Pig! Don't you know how to act in good society, after all I've taken you to the movies?"

brought into the home on approval. Having no perceptible fur, he has not cultivated the vice of shedding hairs on the upholstery. He is not prone to leap on the kitchen table and devour the two roast chickens which are about to be served for dinner. Nor does he stand on the doorstep after a protracted debauch and weep until the master of the house descends in his bare feet, stubs his toe against all the furniture, and opens the door so that his pet may enter. But there is another and a darker side to the lizard, when viewed as a substitute for the cat. There is little or no satisfaction to be obtained from holding a small green lizard on the lap; while any attempt to pet it by stroking its head or scratching its neck is apt to result disastrously — for the lizard. Again, there are many people who could never enjoy the sensation of having a lizard climb up the leg of the diningroom table and peer solicitously into their faces just as they were about to take a mouthful of soup. And if the pet lizard is allowed to exercise himself in the back yard, the task of locating him among the grass-blades when his owner wishes him to come indoors is apt to be

FIRST STENOGRAPHER: How do you like your new boss?

SECOND STENOGRAPHER: Fine. He doesn't know any more about spelling than I do.

"Does your husband love you as well as he did when you were first married?"

"He claims to," but he doesn't make such a fuss about it."

Motto of newspapers — Any (re)port in a war.

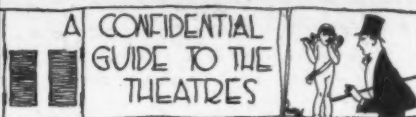
You have read my new story?
Yes.

What do you think of it?
To be perfectly candid with you, I think the covers are too far apart.

The Sultan of Turkey is reported to be writing poetry. His next step, probably, will be to make the Armenians read it.

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Seats six weeks ahead Five box offices

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A NATIVE: Well, stranger, it come about that some of our boys here who had money tied up in that bum telephone, company didn't like the way the receiver was running the business.

THE STRANGER: Well, what did they do about it?

THE NATIVE: Oh, they just hung up the receiver.



— From London Opinion.

THE MUNITION WORKER (to Mr. Asquith): "Here are the shells — and now may I trouble you for the receipt?"

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To my beloved — I leave my house with its first and second mortgages.

To my beloved — I leave my automobile and the privilege of making the rest of the easy payments.

To my dear — I give and bequeath my player-piano, on which there is only a matter of \$220 more to pay.

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HUSBY: A man, dearie. Were I a mouse, I'd have you on top of that table shrieking for help.

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THE OFFICE BOY: How long can you wait?

MOTHER (horrified): Is it possible, Sammy, that you are in the preserves again, after I whipped you an hour ago?

SAMMY: Yes'm. I heard you tell grandma you had whipped me too hard. So I thought I'd make it even.

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PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 210 Fifth Ave., New York

The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 17)

"No, Paul; it is business; and you must sink your prejudices. Take her this saucepan—I suppose she fries *everything*—and see if you can sell her anything else."

So Paul resignedly took the saucepan, and leaving Adèle in the wagon, marched off to the house. He was gone about three minutes. When he returned, his face was very red. He put the saucepan back in the wagon, climbed to his seat without saying a word, and started up the horse.

"What was the matter, Paul?" asked Adèle. "Wouldn't she buy the saucepan?"

"No," said Paul.

"What did she say, Paul?"

"She said she didn't want any saucepans."

"Was that all?"

"No," said Paul.

"What else did she say?"

"She asked me if I sold boilers."

"And what did you say?"

"I told her, 'yes.'"

"Well?"

"Then she asked the price."

"And you told her?"

"Yes."

"And then what did she say?"

"She asked me where I'd buried the tin-peddler."

"Oh, Paul! What could you have told her?"

"I told her correctly. I remembered about the boilers, because the price was marked on them. It said, 'fifteen cents.'"

"Oh, Paul, dear, will you never learn?" cried Adèle. "Fifteen cents for a great big wash-boiler, the largest thing we have in the wagon?"

"Big?" repeated Paul, in a dazed way. "A boiler big? Why I thought—" here a sudden light broke in on him—"Great Scott, Adèle!" he shouted, "I was thinking of strainers!"

"Oh, you dear stupid boy!" said Adèle. "What a goose! Well, you'll have to drive back and explain to her. You can say you're absent-minded, or something of that sort."

"My dear," said Paul, "I wouldn't go back and face that woman again for all the tinware in the civilized world!"

* * * * *

They drove on for ten minutes before Paul spoke again, evidently at the end of a long train of thought.

"Now, Bassett," he said, just as if Adèle had been following him all the time; "Bassett would never have done that. Mr. Bassett certainly had his suspicions, there's no use denying it. But he knew I wasn't a horse-thief."

Adèle smiled behind her hand to see the conqueror of the mighty Bassett thus cast down by a lone lorn woman.

"My dear," she said, "nobody in the world would take you for a horse-thief. That old creature has probably lived up here all alone until she is half crazy."

This reflection seemed to cheer Paul up immensely; and, being reminded, by the mention of the name of Bassett, of the fat parcel that their late hosts had given them,

they hauled it forth and examined it. It was a characteristic Bassett bundle. Its big folds contained four spring-chickens deliciously broiled, several kinds of pie, some dairy-cheese and pot-cheese, slices of cold ham, a little bottle of mustard, a paper "screw" of pepper and salt, and a small flask of the unapproachable schnapps.

The realization of the fact that they were hungry, which somehow came to them with the sight of these good things, brought them face-to-face with another exciting and interesting truth—they were about to camp out for the first time, and to sleep in their own wagon. This put them suddenly into a new flutter of life. Speaking in a general way, their situation was admirably adapted to this end; for, as Adèle remarked, there wasn't a soul within miles, except the old woman, if she could properly be called a soul. The only thing they had to do was to find water, for they had quite forgotten to bring any with them. Fortunately, they were not long in discovering a little creek, almost dried up, but with a thin thread of water still trickling among the hillside rocks. Near by there was a patch of dry mountain grass, where they tethered Sorrellina or Tinnianna—for the choice of her name still hung in the balance. They would have liked to push on to the top of the hill while it was yet light, but, as the little creek rose in a neighboring bog, they concluded that it was best to stay near the base of supplies. So, when the animal with the glut of names had been made comfortable, they began to build their fire. This was rather a tedious operation, for there seemed to be very little dead wood. Paul might have cut some fat pine knots, but he had forgotten to provide himself with a hatchet or a saw, when he was sampling the stock of Mr. Bassett's friend. His entire tool-chest consisted of a can-opener and a monkey-wrench, and was frankly and shamelessly inadequate to the situation.

Paul's back was beginning to ache with stooping down, when he heard Adèle call him. She had climbed to the top of a little rocky eminence somewhat farther up the mountain-side, and there he followed her.

"Oh, Paul!" she said; "if we could only have *that*, how it would burn!"

She pointed to a large sign, made of boards that had once been neatly painted, but now so sun-scorched and weather-beaten that it was not quite easy to make out the lettering, which was as follows:

DESIRABLE BUILDING LOTS

and

ELEGANT VILLA SITES.

LOCATION UNSURPASSED—

ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

"But, of course," she went on, "it belongs to the owner of the lots, and so we mustn't touch it."

"It is a living lie," said Paul. "Stand aside, my dear."

He raised a large round stone above his head, and sent it crashing down upon the sign. Then, silently and firmly gathering up the splintered fragments, he bore them to the creek-side, and in five minutes the poor old sign was expiating its iniquity in dancing

(Continued on page opposite)

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The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 22)

flames. Then they made tea, and fried a little bacon, just for the sake of frying something; and, after they had made an excellent meal, they sat down with their backs against a boulder, Paul to smoke his pipe, and Adèle to give him a lesson in the price-list.

But the pipe was beginning to grow black and sweet and highly enjoyable; and the price-list had long ceased to be anything but the abomination of desolation mentioned in the scriptures, and by-and-by they contented themselves with simply sitting there and watching the sunset, which was making a series of beautiful transformation scenes away down at the lower end of the valley.

Their camping-ground was a little above the winding road up which they had been travelling, and they looked down upon it as they sat against the rock. It was a lonely road, narrow and ill-cared for, and they were greatly surprised when they saw a curious little figure climbing up it. Adèle drew a little closer to Paul.

"Oh, Paul!" she whispered; "it can't be — tramps?"

"I think not," said Paul; "in fact, I am sure. It's only a boy, and he's carrying a bundle."

But Adèle continued to look rather nervously at the dark figure until it came fully into view in the bright sunset light. Then she gave a little sigh of relief and an apologetic laugh.

"How absurd!" she said. "Why, it's only a little Italian boy — and, oh, Paul, dear, do look at what he's carrying!"

The boy was a brown-skinned youngster, thirteen or fourteen years old, with dark, curly hair; and he was bent almost double under the weight of a great burden of tinware which he carried on his back — a poor little outfit compared with the Browns', but still a heavy load for a half-grown boy to carry. Yet he trudged cheerily along, whistling and keeping step to his own music; and, as he passed them, he hailed them in a happy childish voice:

"Buona sera!"

"Buona sera!" Paul answered him. And, as the little figure vanished up the road, Adèle called softly after him:

"Buona sera!"

But, as he passed on, they turned to each other with troubled faces.

"Oh, Paul," said Adèle, "wasn't it pitiful? Such a load, and yet such poor little wretched things!"

"Yes, by Jove!" said Paul, knitting his brows.

Then they sat in silence until the light had almost faded from the western sky.

"Oh, Paul," said Adèle, at last, with a long-drawn sigh and a shake of her little head, "I am so thankful we forgot those farm-houses!"

"Well, dear, we must go to bed," said Paul, after a long silence.

"Yes, in our wagon!" said Adèle, brightening up, for the little Italian boy had really weighed heavily upon her mind. "Oh, Paul, won't it be fun!"

(Continued on page 24)

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LEADING TAMPERS TOBACCO CO. INCORPORATED

Preferred by Gentlemen Now as Then

The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 23)

And they very soon forgot their small competitor in the tinware business, for they found that going to bed in the wagon was quite a complicated and protracted piece of work. In the first place, they had to take all their stock out of the wagon in order to get in themselves; and then, when the stock was all out, they remembered the evening dew, and were obliged to consider that the tinware would surely rust if it were left all night on the damp grass.

However, by this time they had grown quite fertile in expedients, and, the night being warm, Paul took one of their blankets and fastened it by each of its four corners to the wagon-springs. Into this he piled all of their stock, and over this again he spread another blanket, and so tucked up the tinware for the night. They had now three blankets remaining, and two of these Paul spread on the floor of the wagon, keeping the other to cover them. Then Adèle climbed into the hollow box of the wagon to see how she liked their new sleeping quarters.

Her report came out to Paul with a hollow, booming sound, as though she were lost in a distant cavern. She said, first, that it was dark; and then she said that it was too hard for anything. So she climbed out again, and Paul proceeded to despoil the tinware of its upper blanket. Adèle tried it once more, and said that it was better, but that she wished they had thought to get a mattress. Then they both climbed in and tried to settle themselves for the night. But Adèle had a tender conscience and a deep sense of responsibility.

"Paul," she said, "I can not sleep while I think what would happen to that tinware if any dew got on it. I do wish you'd try and think of something else to do with it."

So Paul got up somewhat reluctantly, and devised another expedient. This time he piled all the tinware on top of the wagon, over their heads, and covered it with its blanket.

"Oh, thank you, dear!" said Adèle, when he came back.

"You're entirely welcome, dear," replied Paul, but hardly in his very pleasantest voice. "Do you think you could get just the least little bit over that way?"

"I'll try, dear," said Adèle; "but there isn't very much room, you know. Are you going to shut the door, Paul?"

"I can't, dear," said Paul; "somehow my feet seem to stick out."

"I'm so sorry, dear," said his wife. "Do you suppose we could have an extension put on?"

"A—what?" said Paul, sleepily. "I tell you they're too long."

"I didn't mean your feet, dear," said Adèle. "I meant an extension to the wagon."

"Oh, yes!" Paul groaned, "certainly—just as you please, my dear—in the morning."

Then they tried to sleep. But the floor of the wagon had something to say about that. It made itself felt even through three thicknesses of blanket, and it proved to be a singularly hard, unyielding floor. Paul drowsily wondered if he couldn't some

time have it taken out, and a spring-board substituted. He was just sleepy enough to make this plan seem quite feasible, and he turned over on his back to think of it more comfortably. In doing so his elbow landed heavily upon his wife's head, while at the same time he thrust her violently against the side of the wagon.

"Oh, Paul!" she cried, "you're killing me! How could you be so cruel? And just as I was getting off to sleep so nicely, too!"

This last clause was a fib. But the best woman in the world, when she has got a man down, will rub it into him. Paul apologized profusely, but not in a very clear or connected manner. Then he tried to efface himself against his side of the wagon, and he only gave a subdued moan of pain when, shortly after, Adèle plunged both her French heels vigorously into the small of his back.

It was now Adèle's turn to apologize, and she felt so badly about it that she not only set forth her regrets at great length, but made Paul wake up to be sure that he understood how badly she *did* feel. And having waked up, they lay awake and talked it all over. They came to the conclusion that they did not *altogether* like sleeping in the wagon as it was arranged at present.

"If," Adèle said, "it only had a spring bottom—"

"And a tail-board to let down for my feet," suggested Paul.

"And a little more ventilation—"

"And about two feet more width—"

"And if it didn't smell quite so much of the things we put in it—why, Paul, I can smell sardines, and bacon, and pepper, and tobacco, and axle-grease, and kerosene oil, and I don't know how many other things, all at once."

"If we'd built the wagon in the first place," said Paul, "it would have been all right. But I don't believe that man ever slept in this wagon."

"The wretch!" Adèle exclaimed. "Didn't he tell you he did?"

"Well, no," said Paul, "now I come to think of it, he did not. I asked him if I could sleep in the wagon, and he said I could if I bought it."

"Oh!" said Adèle.

They gave it up after a while, and decided that they did not really care about making a bed-chamber of their vehicle until certain radical faults in its construction had been remedied. They thought they would get up and take a little walk to stretch their legs and limber up the many sore points which sprang into life all over their frames.

They crawled painfully out of their box, and, when they had got out into the open air, they were astonished to find how large and cool and generally delightful the world was. The moon shone so brightly that, for a moment, it seemed as if they were standing on a snow-clad hill near the shore of a broad white lake; for a great mist filled the valley below them, and buried in its cloudy depths the fields and farms and woodlands.

"Oh, Paul," cried Paul's wife, "how beautiful! I am not sleepy now, or even tired. Are you? Let's walk to the top of

(Continued on page opposite)

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Typewriters Distributing Syndicate

665C Wabash Avenue, Chicago

The Runaway Browns

(Continued from page 24)

the hill and look down. It must be like getting into heaven to see it all from there!"

The road kept doubling on itself, and it was the whitest thing in the landscape, as it stretched out before them, for on each side were the black hollows beneath the bushes and the undergrowth that bordered it. Each short ascending reach lost itself in the darkness; and, though they could not have told why, it gave them a strange sort of quick, surprised pleasure to come around the turn and find that silver path leading them in just the opposite direction, and yet ever tempting them upward with its wayward beauty. At each turn they knew what they were going to find, and yet each time it was a surprise; and the road kept the best surprise of all until the last; for suddenly they came around a thicket, and there it lay before them running straight up, and over the bare brow of the hill, as if it ran into the hollow of the key. Paul felt Adèle's hand fall upon his arm, not in affright, but as though she cautioned him not to break the silence.

"Look, dear," she said very softly, pointing to the side of the road.

The little Italian boy lay there, stretched on his back, with one arm under his head and his other hand clutching at his ragged shirt and pulling it open at his brown chest that rose and fell in his sound, child-like sleep. His lips were relaxed in a babyish smile, and the dew glistened like frost on his curly black hair. Adèle gazed at him until the little picture blurred and wavered through tears. She slipped her hand into Paul's, and he pressed it hard.

They turned back a little, and sat down on the stones by the roadside.

"Paul," said Adèle, after a long while, "do you know what I am thinking of?"

Paul nodded. "Give him something!"

"Yes; give him a whole lot of things. And bring them up here, don't you know, while he's asleep, and leave them for him to find when he wakes up. Wouldn't that be lovely?"

"First-rate," said Paul.

"Oh, you're such a dear," whispered Adèle, "to think so, too. But then, I knew you would. Now, what shall we give him?"

"A blanket, the first thing, I should think," said Paul.

"Yes; of course," Adèle said; "you're always so thoughtful, Paul. And what next?"

Paul ruminated.

"Nother blanket," he said at last.

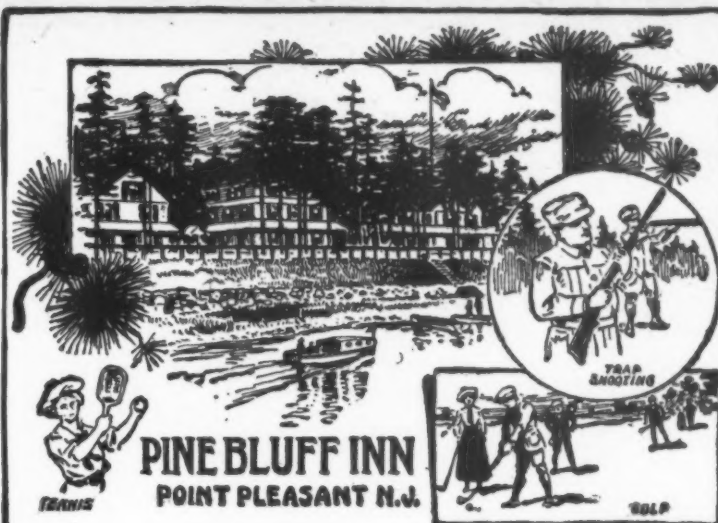
"I meant tinware," Adèle explained.

"Oh!" said Paul. "Well, give him the wash-boiler. I wouldn't put that thing to bed another night for a farm."

"It's a nice wash-boiler, Paul," said Adèle reproachfully; "and you oughtn't to feel angry with it because you got it mixed up with a strainer. Besides, the poor little fellow couldn't carry it."

"Well, if he won't take it any other way," said Paul obstinately, "give him the horse and wagon to carry it."

(Continued on page 26)



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